



The Platypus has landed!



trollcatz


 [trollcatz](#)

<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>

2008-07-02 14:15:00

MOOD:  optimistic

Johns Hopkins may = prison, but the corrections staff seemed to kinda like the parolee. Either that or they were happy to get rid of him...

I got to meet Dad's "nutrition guy" in person. Yes, the nutrition guy whose potential looming presence first got  [cvillette](https://cvillette.livejournal.com/) (https://cvillette.livejournal.com/) to keep a food journal. (Platypus'll tell you he did it because I browbeat him, but he's not nearly as scared of me as he says he is.) Lesson from this: really, there's no way to keep out of the way of one of Dad's guys once the subject comes up. It's a Dad thing. Don't even try.

I also had to help him pack. Any time you stay in one place for a month, you accumulate stuff, and though our monotreme travels light, he had a respectable collection of cards and prezzies. The wind-up toys are *awesome*.

I brought him his new Certifiable Mad Genius t-shirt (https://www.livejournal.com/away?to=http%3A//www.printfection.com/retro-future/Certifiable-MAD-GENIUS-T-Shirt/p_871714) to wear home, and, I quote, "an actual pair of pants without elastic or a drawstring THANK YOU BABY JESUS." I've never been conflated with the baby Jesus before. But I think it's a compliment. In this context, at least.

Nowadays hospitals seem determined to send you out of the building in a wheelchair. I think it's a liability thing. He gave the chair a Very Hostile Coyote Glare, but no one seemed to have the authority to make an exception, so he had to suck it up and take the elevator on his butt instead of his feet. The nurses's aide pushing his chair was hawt, had a nummy East Indian accent, and was a knowledgeable Nine Inch Nails fan. So although he was a thwarted coyote, he was on his near-best behavior. *g*

He plopped into the passenger seat all by himself, though, and passed on my offer to come upstairs with him in case he needed

help with anything. He's fully ambulatory and in good spirits. And I happen to know his fridge is packed with high-quality tasty heat 'n' eat food in case he's too beat to cook and doesn't want to call out for pizza, because Wabbit and I are incurable unapologetic busybodies.

Now I'm going to give the guy a little private time, to get reacquainted with the sensation of not having medical professionals following him around. Also, Alton Brown is doing pie tonight on *Good Eats*, and I don't want to interrupt. *g*



Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

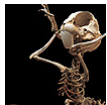
...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law

enforcement
professional--

47 comments



 Ometotchtli

July 2 2008, 22:19:47 UTC COLLAPSE

Piiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiie.

It's apricot season once again. So there will be fresh apricot pie for the 4th of July BBQ.

I just thought I should issue the warning.



 trollcatz

July 2 2008, 22:40:48 UTC COLLAPSE

That would be lovely news, except suddenly I am reminded that I have to bring something to this shindig.

Well, hey, last year I supplied the hamburger buns and beer, and nobody left hungry. Guess I can do that again!




 inaurolillium

July 2 2008, 22:51:17 UTC COLLAPSE

Hehe. This may be your last year of getting away with that. I feel morally certain that by next year, the Coyote will have taught you at least one thing you could make.

Hey, you could make salsa. That's easy, and you're *supposed* to burn the only things you apply heat to.



 [trollcatz](#)

[July 2 2008, 22:53:42 UTC](#)


[COLLAPSE](#)

...

...salsa doesn't come in jars?

(*g*)



 [eljefe](#)

[July 2 2008, 22:58:04 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

You could always cheat. Some Mexican restaurants will sell their salsa. Pick some up, and then put it in your own container. Then get some My Nana's tortilla chips, they are made to be microwaved so you can serve them hot and crispy. I won't tell. *wink*



 [trollcatz](#)

[July 3 2008, 01:10:55 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Hah! Excellent idea. (Mind you, three of the attendees read this LJ, so they'll know what I'm up to. *g* But at least I'll have contributed Spicy Goodness, by whatever means.



 [inaurolillium](#)

[July 3 2008, 05:06:15 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Hey, don't encourage her to cheat! I'm trying to be a Good Cooking Influence while the platypus is distracted with healing. After the most excellent Socratic Dialog of Pancakes, it is clear that the Harpy has potential, and I wish to encourage it.



 [eljefe](#)

[July 3 2008, 14:41:55 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Fine, fine. But being the paragon of sloth, I will offer this recipe. The world renowned

DRUNK DIP!!!!

1 can of chili

1 package of cream cheese

1 block of either Velveeta Mexican or Pepperjack "cheese"

Put all ingredients into a pot. Heat. Melt. Stir.

Eat after it's mixed and all gooey, and feel your arteries harden.

Failure modes:

None, that's why it's called drunk dip.



[inaurolillium](#)

[July 3 2008, 15:44:44 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, very well then. ;)



[inaurolillium](#)

[July 3 2008, 05:01:56 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

Yes, yes, you're very funny. But I spot the hook in that bait, and I will not bite.

Basic salsa instructions:

Take a couple of chiles (what kind? I dunno, what can you get and how hot do you want it?), turn on your gas burner, set the chiles directly in the flame, and blacken the skin, turning occasionally, and wrap them in plastic wrap. (I assume you have gas, from the way Chaz has spoken about your kitchen, but anyone who doesn't can heat up a dry cast-iron skillet and blacken the chiles on that.) Chop up 4-5 tomatoes. Chop up an onion. Mince some garlic, maybe 4 cloves. Chop up a handful of cilantro. Juice a lime. Mix the above, plus some cumin and coriander (at a guess, a teaspoon of each). Now that they're cool, unwrap the chiles, peel off the skin, chop them up too (with or without seeds, according to heat preferences). Toss all of it together, taste, add salt and pepper, taste again. Repeat this last bit until it's right.

It's best the next day, but it won't last that long. Do try to at least give it an hour, though.

Failure modes:

Tastes bland. You didn't put in enough lime juice or salt, one or the other. Add some.

You didn't burn the chiles enough, which you'll know if you can't pick the skin off easily. You want them black all over. You wrap them in plastic to steam the insides, so they're cooked through, but you need to get enough heat in there to begin with.

It's too hot. Next time, choose milder chiles, or leave out the seeds. In the mean time, make sure you have bheer at hand to finish this batch with.



[trollcatz](#)

[July 3 2008, 12:03:47 UTC](#)

[COLLAPSE](#)

It's really that easy? You don't have to cook anything or put it in the blender where it can explode and splash searingly hot stuff all over your kitchen/yourself/your sweetie/the dog?

So if I made it today... it would be ready tomorrow?




[fidelioscabinet](#)

[July 3 2008, 13:04:03 UTC](#)


[COLLAPSE](#)

Do remember to put the plastic wrap on the chiles *after* you've blackened them, not before or during. You knew that, of course--you're acquainted with the thermal qualities of plastic wrap--but for the sake of any wandering soul who might read that recipe and yet be unaware...


 [inauroliillum](#)
[July 3 2008, 15:42:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

It really is that easy, I promise. And yes, if you made it today, it would be at its absolute peak by tomorrow. You may want to make a larger batch than I have laid out, though, if this is a group BBQ thing. That's the size that gets my family of four through an afternoon.


Deleted comment

 [trollcatz](#)
[July 2 2008, 22:25:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


I insisted on keeping them rolled up. I'm not nearly as tolerant of the glorious Maryland swampland steambath as certain Coyotes of my acquaintance. *g*

 [eljefe](#)
[July 2 2008, 22:30:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Pics of the nurse?

 [trollcatz](#)
[July 2 2008, 22:38:29 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Hey! Go find your own fantasy object! *g*

 [eljefe](#)
[July 2 2008, 22:44:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

All the good ones are taken.

 [kitanzi](#)
[July 3 2008, 19:27:04 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


Hardly seems relevant, for a fantasy object.

 [txanne](#)
[July 2 2008, 22:39:57 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

\o/ \o/ \o/

Glare-y Coyote FTW!

Also: Alton Brown. Yummmmm.

 [trollcatz](#)
[July 2 2008, 22:46:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

The staff did not fear him. Maybe they saw the photo on The Daily Coyote, of Charlie and his fuzzy toy sheep. Makes it hard to take the fangs seriously. *g*



[themaskmaker](#)

July 2 2008, 22:49:31 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Just wait until they see that sheep eviscerated, with it's fluffy guts spread all over the room. My dog does that with all his toys. It gives one pause (and yeah, I see the pun).



[trollcatz](#)

July 2 2008, 22:52:28 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Of course, they might have seen this one, instead. That would have had a similar effect.



[cjtremlett](#)

July 2 2008, 22:43:16 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Yay! Good to hear he's home, and appropriately fortified. Between the supplies and Alton, he should have a good evening!



[trollcatz](#)

July 2 2008, 22:49:55 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Lounge, decompress, have a beer--all the stuff you can't do in a hospital. (Well, not *all* the stuff.*)

(*What? I just meant he doesn't smoke. You people have dirty minds. *g*)

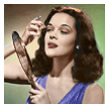


[eljefe](#)

July 2 2008, 23:00:24 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

Hey, your the one who has an icon with exposed bewbies. *laughs*



[Ometotchtli](#)

July 3 2008, 00:10:46 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

"bewbies"?

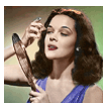


[trollcatz](#)

July 3 2008, 00:45:57 UTC

[COLLAPSE](#)

If you spell it with two Os, the middle of the word sorta *stares* at you. It makes him nervous.




[Ometotchtli](#)

July 3 2008, 00:49:56 UTC


[COLLAPSE](#)

But with OOs, it's... whatever the visual equivalent of onomatopoetic is.


L  [trollcatz](#)
[July 3 2008, 01:13:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Ow. Beer out nose. Ow.


bOObs!

L  [glinda_w](#)
[July 3 2008, 01:35:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

*splutter*choke*

L  [eljefe](#)
[July 3 2008, 02:44:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And my work here is done *lauging*

L  [glinda_w](#)
[July 4 2008, 17:34:00 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

However, another website is [relevant to this part of the conversation](#) today.


(*grin*duck*limp away and hide*)

L [edschweppe](#)
[July 3 2008, 02:03:09 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Ow. Beer out nose. Ow.


Don't do that. Waste of perfectly good beer, and bad for your nose.

(And if it's not good beer, why are you wasting precious minutes of your life drinking it in the first place?)

 [beatriceeagle](#)
[July 2 2008, 22:56:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Does this mean I can't pass time at my job by imagining which balloons he would hate the most? :(

(But in all seriousness, this makes me really happy.)

L  [trollcatz](#)
[July 2 2008, 23:09:32 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Well, you know something embarrassing and irksome will have to be done to his desk the day he comes back to work...




 [beatriceeagle](#)

[July 2 2008, 23:22:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I'll send you the balloon with the pastel puppy and kitten playing together, that says "Thinking of you." That one irks me.




 [trollcatz](#)

[July 3 2008, 00:10:42 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oh, gawd. The HORROR.




 [beatriceeagle](#)

[July 3 2008, 00:39:31 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

And you don't have to fill it with helium on a weekly basis. It's definitely the winner in a what-would-Chaz (or any sane person)-hate contest.



 [trollcatz](#)

[July 3 2008, 01:48:39 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oooh, we could do a "Precious Moments" theme! No, no, I'm too young to die. And really, there are things even I won't stoop to.



[beatriceeagle](#)

[July 3 2008, 02:04:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

He's lucky I'm not his coworker. There's *nothing* I wouldn't stoop to. Well, short of offensiveness, obviously.



[edschweppe](#)

[July 3 2008, 23:25:19 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If it's that horrifying, it wouldn't **last** a week before it went on a nice, one-way trip to the pistol range.



 [saoba](#)

[July 3 2008, 03:17:49 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Not glitter. Not confetti. Gets *everywhere*. Stops being funny pretty fast.

Take heed, for I learned this the same way I learned the Physical Therapy nuns (Srsly, nuns) did not find Mr. Bubble in the therapy pool to be a value added experience.

Big stack of Very Fake 'while you were out' type notes? I'm betting at least one of your co-workers could help with that. (Like these- yay for neon colors. <http://www.business-supply.com/while-you-were-out-pads-neon-16230.html>)



[barsukthom](#)

[July 3 2008, 12:53:53 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Duct Tape.

Packing peanuts.

Those Morale-Lowering posters. You know the ones, with the dramatic scenes and text like: "Failure: When you're just Not Good Enough""Tragedy: According to the Greeks, The gods ARE laughing at you"

[colomon](#)

[July 2 2008, 23:31:39 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yay! Very glad he's got you and [Ometotchtli](#) there to help him out.



[trollcatz](#)

[July 3 2008, 00:09:18 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

All we did was grocery-shop. He might get a bit tired at first, but he'll be fine on his own.



[calanthe-b](#)

[July 3 2008, 03:14:47 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You? Have good friend skills.

Glad to hear he's out and okay. And you too, because having a friend in straits is a difficult thing to live with.

[jimsmyth](#)

[July 4 2008, 23:39:54 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yay! Rescue mission completed! Another prisoner freed from Durance Semi-Vile!

Coyote returns to his lair, where food awaits. Cue the pitch from Mutual of Omaha.

Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law

enforcement
professional--